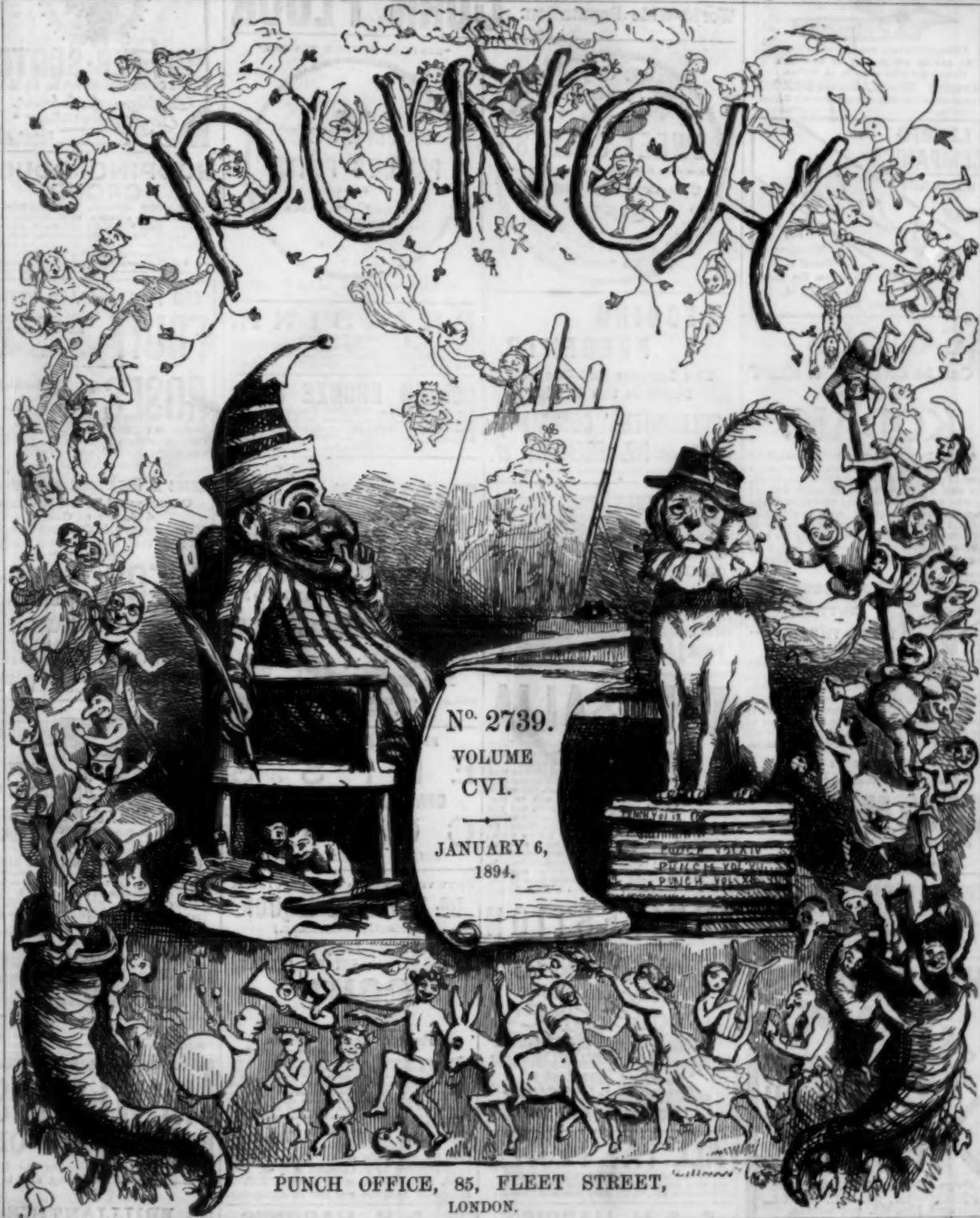


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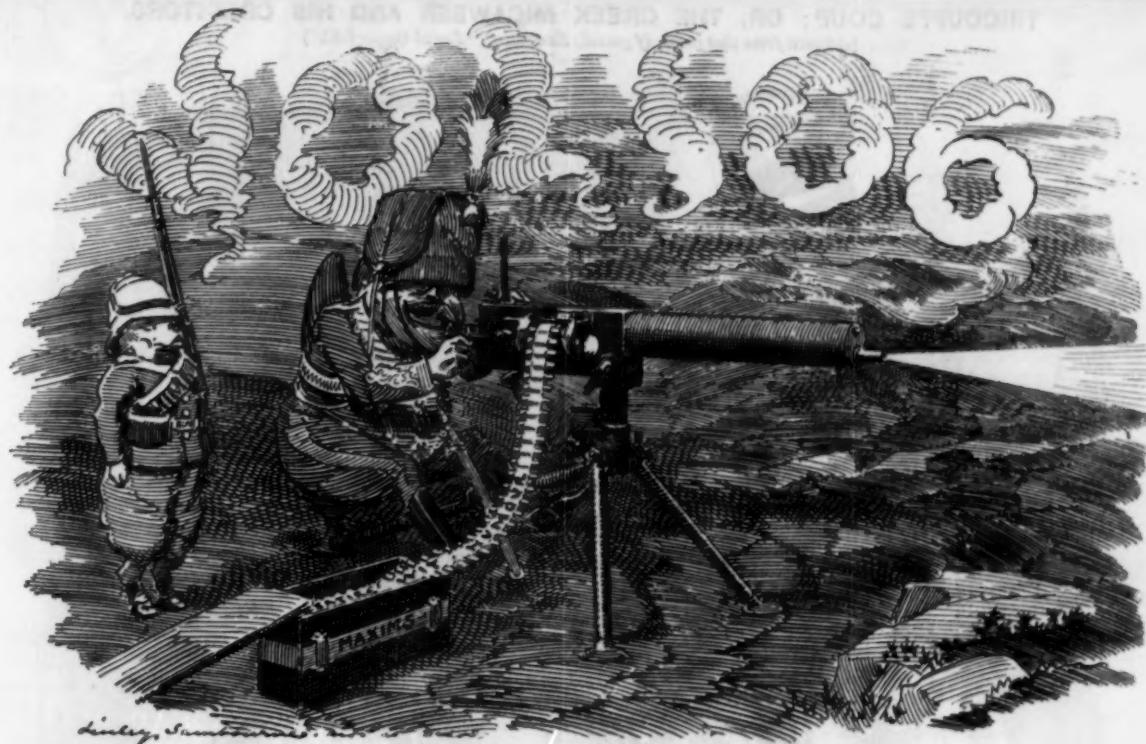
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perfumed; bottles, 2*s*, 6*d*; 7*s*; 10*s*.
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VERSES À LA CARTE.

(A New Year's Greeting.)

My dear Miss TRAVERS. H'm! that's stiff;
I wonder now if sudden death 'll
Befall your humble servant if
I boldly dare to call you ETHEL.

Enclosed herewith please find a card,
Which as we shan't, alas! be meeting.
(Though you, perchance, don't think it hard)
Is meant to give a New Year's greeting.

What would you like in '94?
A lot of fun? A round of pleasure?
May yours be all you wish, and more—
Pressed down and overflowing measure.

Ere '94 is dead and done,
And our account of Life is carried
To one more page, you may be won,
And even—though it sounds odd—married.

What! you have sworn a solemn oath
That marriage vows you'll not commingle,
That you will never plight your troth,
But dying be, as living, single?

Well, ETHEL, I quite understand.
'Twas ever thus. And one fine morning
You'll wake to find your heart and hand
Are gone without the slightest warning.

If I were not upon the shelf,
Removed from masherdom and chappiness,
I'd help you break your vows myself
If you'd permit me so much happiness.

Well, anyhow, in this New Year,
Good luck attend your each endeavour,
And recollect you have a dear,
Devoted friend in me for ever.

P.S.

If you (two verses back) should find
That I was wrong in self-dispraise. Oh!
Then if you're what I think you—kind,
Please send me just a word to say so.

BILLETS DE DEUX.

[It is announced that ringlets are to be worn again by ladies, and that side-whiskers are coming in for fashionable men. So it would also appear from the following epistles, which, it should be added, crossed in the post.]

I.—TO ANGELINA.

DEAR ANGELINA, you are mine,
The dearest, sweetest, loveliest, fairest
Of all the girls. Your face divine,
Of all the faces quite the rarest.
With thoughts of you, my ownest own,
My brain is nearly always teeming,
When I'm with others or alone,
By night or day, in waking, dreaming.
I am a lucky man indeed,
In fact, we're well and truly mated,
And all the world is quite agreed.
We're both to be congratulated.
I'm yours, you're mine for aye. Yet stay
I'd have you know of one small thing. Let's
Have no mistake. We part the day
I see you first decked out in ringlets.

II.—TO EDWIN.

DEAR EDWIN, I'm content with you,
I love you, sweetheart, more than ever,
You're all you should be—gallant, true,
Affectionate, devoted, clever,
My beau ideal of a man.
Dear, if we ever should be parted
I feel quite certain that my plan
Would be to perish broken-hearted.
Still, darling, I would have you know—
You always listen, dear, to reason—
There is one danger, sweet, and so
Just heed, my own, this word in season.
My happiness is much to me.
And no sane girl would care to risk hers
With any male monstrosity [whiskers!]—
Who dared to wear these new side-

SONNET TO THE THERMOMETER.

BY A DESPERADO.

[The National Skating Association propose to hold examinations, weather permitting, in Figure-skating . . . Temperature, Dec. 29, 52° Fahr.]

UNSEASONABLE Tube, are you aware
Your ways are ill-behaved beyond excuse?
Though doubtless spring's delights may
have their use,
You drive the figure-skater to despair!
For, with the sprightly aneroid set fair,
Each day you stand, impervious to abuse,
At fifty odd, and simply play the deuce
With zephyrs premature and vernal air!

New blades I've bought, and learnt the
figure-test
(On paper) for the N. S. A. "third-class";
I've studied Q's and "rockers" and the rest,
On *terra firma*—but in vain, alas!
For, since the necessary ice *non est*,
My skating Little-go I'll never pass!

A BACHELOR ON BUTTONS.

"No pins! No buttons! No studs!"
An advertisement runs. Say, old chappie!
Were that so, in spite of his "duds"
Fallen man might contrive to be happy.
What made Eden's soon-ended rapture so
great
Was this, bet your boots; 'twas a *buttonless*
state!
And I am disposed to believe, on my soul,
'Twas with his first button man got "in a
hole."

Q. WHY does a lady wear her watch on her
wrist?

A. Because she finds it so difficult to see
the "clock" on her stocking.

TRICOUPI'S COUP; OR, THE GREEK MICAWBER AND HIS CREDITORS.

(Adapted from that great, if genial, *Economist*, "David Copperfield.")

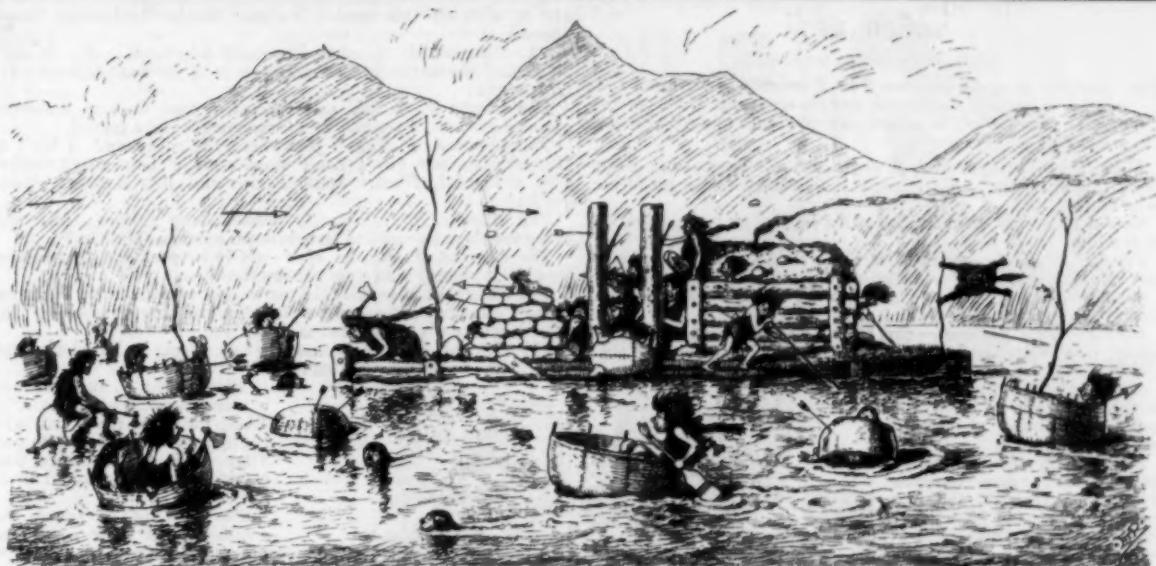
[“The insolvency which M. TRICOUPI contemplates with so much philosophic calm. . . . The soothing assurances of M. TRICOUPI amount to very little. . . . As there was to be bankruptcy, M. TRICOUPI apparently thought it might as well be carried out on a magnificent scale. . . . Thirty per cent. was accordingly offered to the creditors, not as being the most Greeks could pay, but as a sort of bid for a settlement that would relieve her from the necessity of paying any more.” — *Times*.]

Mr. MICAWBER M. TRICOUPI.
Mrs. MICAWBER GREECE.

“My advice,” said Mr. MICAWBER, “you know. Annual income, twenty millions; annual expenditure, nineteen millions nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine nineteen and nine; result, happiness! Annual income, twenty millions; annual expenditure, twenty millions eight and six; result, misery! The blossom is blighted, the leaf is withered, the god of day goes down upon the dreary scene, and—and, in short, you are for ever floored.”

“My poor CRISPI’s maxim,” Mrs. MICAWBER observed.

“My dear,” said Mr. MICAWBER, “your poor CRISPI is very well



PREHISTORIC PEEPS.

AN UNRECORDED NAVAL ENGAGEMENT IN PRIMEVAL TIMES.

in his way; but he applies that maxim very imperfectly. Now, I propose to work it out consistently, at the expense—well, of all whom it may concern. My advice is, never to pay to-day what you can put off till—say, the middle of next week. By that time something may—well, in point of fact, something may, and in all probability *will*, turn up!"

"Just so," returned Mrs. MICAWBER. "It is precisely that. And the fact is that we can *not* live without something widely different from existing circumstances shortly turning up. Now I am convinced myself, and this I have pointed out to Mr. MICAWBER several times of late, that things cannot be expected to turn up of themselves. We must, in a measure, assist to turn them up. I may be wrong, but I have formed that opinion. I am aware that I am merely a female, and that a masculine judgment is usually considered more competent to the discussion of such questions."

"I have no scruple in saying, in the presence of my friends here," said Mr. MICAWBER, "that I am a man who has, for some years, contended against the pressure of pecuniary difficulties. Sometimes I have risen superior to my difficulties. Sometimes my difficulties have—in short, have floored me. There have been times when I have administered a succession of facers to them; there have been times when they have been too many for me, and I have given in, and said to Mrs. MICAWBER, in the words of CATO, 'It must be so! PLATO, thou reasonest well. It's all up now. I can show fight no more.' I am constrained to admit that such a moment is the present."

"Mr. MICAWBER's difficulties are almost overwhelming just at present," said Mrs. MICAWBER. "If Mr. MICAWBER's creditors will not give him time, they must take the consequences; and the sooner they bring it to an issue the better. Blood cannot be obtained from a stone; neither can more than THIRTY PER CENT.—on account—be obtained at present from Mr. MICAWBER!"

"Thirty per cent," said Mr. MICAWBER, solemnly, "is—*savè to* bloodsucking bondholders and grasping creditors—*no triflè!* And I need hardly say that *should* anything turn up in the early or more remote future—of which at present I am exceedingly sanguine—MICAWBER would be the last man in the world to wish to play the classical part of *Greculus esuriens*. And then," added Mr. MICAWBER, "I have no doubt I shall, please Heaven, begin to be beforehand with the world, and to live in a perfectly new manner, if—in short, if anything turns up!"

"I will never desert Mr. MICAWBER," cried Mrs. MICAWBER, with effusion. "Mr. MICAWBER has his faults. I do not deny that he is improvident. I do not deny that he has kept me in the dark as to his resources and his liabilities both; but I will never desert Mr. MICAWBER. No!" cried Mrs. MICAWBER, more affected than before; "I will never do it! It's of no use asking me!"

MEM. BY A "SPEEPEL JACK."—To try to climb to the top of a steeple would be for most people a vain attempt.

CHAT À LA MODE.

BROWN, JONES, and ROBINSON discovered discussing the state of the Navy in a first-class compartment.

Brown. My dear fellows, I can assure you we are in a terrible condition of unpreparedness. If France was to declare war to-morrow we should be nowhere—absolutely nowhere!

Jones. You mean, of course, with Russia?

Robinson. Or was it Italy?

Brown. It doesn't matter which. I fancy that France alone could tackle us. Why, a man was telling me the other day that if Gibraltar was seized—as it might be—we should not get a shipload of wood for months—yes, for months!

Jones. But what has Gibraltar to do with it?

Robinson. Why, of course it guards our approaches to the Suez Canal.

Brown. Oh, that's only a matter of detail. But what we want is a hundred millions to be spent at once. COBDEN said so, and I agree with COBDEN.

Jones. But upon what?

Robinson. Oh, in supporting the Sultan, and subsidising the Ameer.

Brown. I don't think that sort of thing is of much importance. But if we had a hundred millions (as Mr. COBDEN suggested), we might increase our coaling stations, and build new ships, and double the navy, and do all sorts of things.

Jones. But I thought we were fairly well off for coaling stations, had lots of ships on the stocks, and, with the assistance of our Merchant Marine, an ample supply of good sailors.

Robinson. That's what all you fellows say! But wait till we have a war, and then you will see the fallacy of all your arguments. No, we should buy the entire fleet of the world. There should be no other competitor. BRITANNIA should *really* rule the waves.

Brown. Yes, yes. Of course; but after all that is not the important matter. What we want is a hundred millions available to be spent on anything and everything. And it's no use having further discussion, because that was COBDEN's view of it, and so it is mine.

Jones. But where is it to come from—out of the rates?

Brown and Robinson (together). Certainly not.

Jones. Or the taxes?

Brown and Robinson (as before). Don't be absurd.

Jones. Well, it must come from somewhere! Can you tell me where?

Robinson. Why should we?

Brown. Yes, why should we? Even COBDEN didn't go so far as that, and—But here we are at the station.

[Invasion of porters, and end of the conversation.]

THE LEARNED WOMAN.—She who in her zeal gets up—Herself!

'IGHER UP!

(A Sketch Outside an Omnibus.)

The Omnibus is on its progress from Piccadilly to the Bank; the weather is raw and unpleasant, and the occupants of the garden-seats on the roof of the vehicle are—for once in a way—mostly men.

First Passenger (to Second, an acquaintance). I see young BASHAWAY the other day. (Significantly.) Jest been to see his father, so he told me.

Second Passenger (with interest). 'Ad he though? And 'ow did he find him?

First P. Fustrate, young JIM said; didn't know when he'd seen him lookin' better—(with sentiment)—quite like his old self!

Second P. (heartily). That is good 'earin', that is! (Reflectively.) Seems rum, though, come to think of it.

First P. 'Ow d' yer mean—rum? It's no more than what yer'd expect, bein' where he is. Look at the air o' the place—there ain't a 'elther situation all round London, to my mind!

Second P. No, that's right enough, and, from all I 'ear, the food's well cooked, and served reg'lar, if it is plain.

First P. Ah, and BILL enjoys his meals now, he does—the work gives him an appetite, and it's years, to my certain knowledge, since he done a stroke, and o' course he ain't allowed no drink—

Second P. And that's enough, of itself, to be the savin' of 'im, the way he was!

First P. Then, yer see, there's the reg'lar hours, and the freedom from worry, and the like, and nothink on his mind, and the place with every sanitary improvement and that—why, he owns his own self it's bin the makin' of 'im. And from what young JIM was a tellin' me, it appears that, if BILL goes on gittin' good-conduck marks at the rate he's doin', there'll be a nice little sum do to 'im when he's done his time at Wormwood Scrubs.

Second P. (sympathetically). Well, and that makes suthin' to look forward to, don't it, when he does git let out. Talkin' o' that, you've known 'im longer 'n what I 'ave. Do you 'appen to know what it was as he got into trouble for?

First P. (with the consciousness of superior delicacy). Lor' bless yer, I never thought o' arskin' 'im in the question!

Second P. (with feeble self-assertion under this implied rebuke). Well, it all depends on 'ow yer put a question o' that sort.

[He is silent for the remainder of the journey. A Chatty Passenger (to a Contradicious Passenger, as the 'bus passes Trafalgar Square). Pretty these 'ere fountains look, with the water playin', don't they?

The Contradicious Passenger. The fountings are well enough, if it wasn't fur the water—norsty messy stuff, I call it.

The Chatty P. (abandoning the fountains). It's wonderful what an amount o' traffic there is in the Strand, ain't it?

Contrad. P. Nothink to what it was forty years ago!

[His neighbour not feeling in a position to deny it, subsides. The Driver (to a Passenger with a Badge, immediately behind him). 'Ow is it you're orf yer keb to day, Bob?—takin' a day orf, or what?

The Passenger with a Badge. Not much; goin' up to Bow Street to gimmy evidence in a collision case, that's all.

Driver (dubiously). Bow Street! Ain't that rather shovin' yer 'ed in the lion's mouth, eh?

The P. with a B. (with virtuous serenity). Not it! What ha' they got agen me all the time I bin licensed? Only three drunks and a loiter!

The Chatty P. (returning to the charge). Orful state the roads

are in with all this mud. I s'pose that's the London County Council, eh?

The Contrad. P. London Kayounty Kayouncil! No, it ain't. Nothink o' the sort! I'll tell yer 'oo it is, if yer want to know; it's GLADSTONE!

The Chatty P. (mildly surprised, but glad to have discovered common ground). I see you're a Conservative—like myself.

The Contrad. P. That's jest where you're *wrong*! I ain't no Conservative, nor yet I don't want none o' GLADSTONE neither. I'm a Radikil, I am. JOHN BURNS and BEN TILLETT—that's my lot!

The Chatty P. (reluctantly relinquishing politics). Ah, well, every man's got a right to form his own opinions, ain't he?

The Contrad. P. No, he ain't—not if he goes and forms *wrong* 'uns! (A pause.) 'Ave yer got the time about yer?

The Chatty P. (accepting this as a sign of softening). I'm sorry to say I come out without my watch this morning, or else—But there's plenty o' clocks about as'll tell yer.

The Contrad. P. (with intense disdain). Clocks! You don't ketch me trustin' no clocks—with no two of 'em alike!

The Chatty P. (as they pass a well-known watchmaker's). Well, 'ow about that clock with the figgers? Won't that do yer? They set it to Grinridge time every hour, so it's bound to be right!

The Contrad. P. (as he descends). There yer are! Think I'd put my faith in a clock as 's to be set right every hour? 'Tain't likely! Good day to yer.

The Chatty P. So long! (To himself.) A pleasant feller enough, I dessay, if you leave the subjec' to 'im!

Driver (to smart Hansom Cabman). Now then, outer the way with that 'ere 'Ackney keb o' yours!

Hansom Cabman (with hauteur). As it 'appens, it ain't a 'Ackney cab—it's a private ker-ridge, this is!

Driver. Ah, I might ha' known you was a hammytoor by yer silly hasslike method o' conducting yer business!

[Drives on triumphant.

A Political Passenger (with a panacea—to a "Knowledgeable" Passenger). No, I don't want no 'Ome Rule, nor yet no Parish Councils, nor nothink o' that. What I wanter see introduced 'ere is Terreneal Parliments.

The Knowledgeable Passenger (with respect). Terreneal Parliments? I don't know as I've 'eard o' them.

The Pol. P. Ain't yer? Well, they're what we want. Why, they've 'ad 'em in America, they've 'ad 'em in Ostralia, they've

'ad 'em in Orstria; and everywhere, mind yer, *everywhere* they've been in operation they've turned out a success!

The Kn. P. Then it's 'igh time we 'ad 'em. What is it they're called again?

The Pol. P. Tee-reen-ial Parliments. It stands to reason they work well; there they are, a settin' eight months in the year fur seven year on end—somethink's bound to come of it! I'd like to see any o' our lot settin' like that. It's a pity we don't take more pattern by America in our law-makin'.

The Kn. P. Except in our criminal law. Why I've 'eard there's States out there where a man may go and commit a crime, d' ye see? and once he git across the boundary from one State into another—like as it might be a line across this 'ere street like, d' ye see?—once he's over that, they can't do nothink to 'im!

The Pol. P. (thoughtfully). Ah, that wouldn't never do 'ere that wouldin'!

Conductor (to a Sleepy Passenger in a corner). Now then, fare, please?

The Sleepy Passenger (with manly regret). I ain't gorrit, ole pal. If yer'd asht me jes' two minutes afore I gorrup, I could ha' done it for yer, but I took jes' anorrer glash an' blued th' lot. No man can



"Thash where 'tis, yer come on me too late!"

say I don' part s' long's I gorrer *money* : no freehandeder man anywhereesh 'n wharri am ; but yer come on me too late. (*Shaking his head reproachfully.*) Thaash where 'tis, yer come on me too late!

Cond. 'Ere, I ain't goin' to stand no nonsense. If yer 'aven't got the money, git down orf' my bus, and quicke, too !

The Litig. P. Ged down ? An' quick ! You wouldn't tor' li' that if you'd sheen wharrer bloomin' 'ard job I'd ad to get up !

[*He resumes his slumber.*]

Cond. (passing on, *softened*). I can't go and break the beggar's neck for tuppence, and he's got it somewhere about him, as likely as not. (*To a Litigious Passenger.*) Tuppence is the fare, Sir, if you please.

The Litigious Passenger. One penny is the legal fare, and all I intend to pay. I know the law !

Cond. And so do I. It's wrote up tuppence inside the bus. If yer ain't going to pay more, yer'd better git down ; ye've 'ad over your penn'orth a ready !

The Litig. P. (with spirit). I decline to get down. I insist on being taken to the Bank for my penny.

Cond. Oh, do yer ? We'll see about that.

[*He stops the bus and calls a Constable, to whom he briefly explains the situation.*]

Constable (pacifically, from below, to the Litig. P.). Come, Sir, don't block the traffic, like this 'ere ! Either pay the man his fare or get down—one of the two.

The Litig. P. (from the roof). I have a legal right to remain here if I like !

Const. That may be, Sir, but if you do this man can summons you, that's all !

The Litig. P. (warming with the joy of battle). That's just what I want him to do ! Can't I make him summon me ?

Cond. (disgusted). 'Ere, 'ang it all, do yer think I'm goin' to cart you 'arf over London fur a penny, and throw yer in the luxury of a lawsoot ? 'Ere's yer penny back, and I give yer the ride free—*there !*

The Litig. P. (accepting the penny, and descending with dignity). Very well, and let me tell you this, it was just as well you gave way when you did, for I was quite prepared to carry the case to the House of Lords !

Cond. Ah ! and I s'pose yer think yer'd git there for a penny ?

[*The Omnibus goes on before the Litigious Person has time to think over such an obvious repartee as asking the Constable to take the man's number.*]

A PARLIAMENTARY POST-CHRISTMAS CAROL.

(To be sung at St. Stephens.)

HEAVEN help you " English Gentlemen " !

You heard, with sore dismay,
That Parliament could scarce adjourn,

This year, o'er Christmas Day.

Keeping poor squires from rural rites

Which now must go astray.

Was scarce tidings of comfort and joy ?

Now you've come back to Parliament,
It seems you've come to play

Still at Obstruction's sad, bad game.

To loiter and delay :

To fudge, and fib, and snap, and sneer,

Just in the old, old way.

That's not tidings of comfort and joy ?

Still BOWLES blares on, still BARTLEY jaws,
Still twitters TOMLINSON :

Hour after hour about one Clause

They hammer on, on, on !

"Amending" purely fancy flaws,

Till FOWLER's chance seems gone.

Is that tidings of comfort and joy ?

Ah, would some strong man rise and smash
This stale sophistick sham,

The taradiddles and the trash

Expose as faction's flam ;

Brummagem bare, and Bunkum bash,

Oh ! that were " real jam " !

True tidings of comfort and joy !

Heaven help the Members of this House,

The Grand Old Man also !

Let the huge Mountain yield its Mouse,

And the tired doctors go ;

Obstruction choke and faction chouse,

And shut up spiteful Jox,

And send you all a Happy New Year,

A New Year,

An honest, kindly English New Year !



"MUTATO NOMINE."

"WELL, CHARLIE, DEAR BOY, WHAT'S THE MATTER ?"

"OH ! A RETURN OF MY OLD ENEMY !"

"THE D— !"

"No, no ! THE GOUT, MAN—THE GOUT !"

BOOKING-OFFICE CORRESPONDENCE.

À PROPOS of the portrait of the Baron de Book-Worms in the Number dated December 23, we have received the following letter of inquiry :—

"Why is the Baron de Book-Worms this week wearing an Earl's Coronet ? Yours with respect, B. DOD-BURKE."

Why ? Because it is the only one he has got at home at present ; and by special leave and license all to the contrary, nevertheless and notwithstanding, the Baron is at full liberty to wear exactly what best suits him.

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

SECOND FIDDLIES TO THE FORE.

[*"Seconds were appointed by both parties. They met at Naples on Saturday, and yesterday published their decision, excluding the possibility of a duel between Signori Sonzogno and Boito." —Daily News.*]

SECOND to none in setting matters right,
Seconds to none, as there's to be no fight,
Bravissimi ! "For this relief much thanks."
We liked not these "enraged musicians'" pranks.
Your would-be principals now needn't die
On seeing Naples. You have said "Don't try" ;—
And stopped the "little rift," or big dispute,
Which might indeed have made much music mute.

A STAGGERER !—*"His official existence being indeed not recognised by statute."* We quote from that most useful work Hazell's Annual for 1894. About whom is this absolutely trustworthy information given ? Why, it is concerning the PRIME MINISTER ! Concerning the G. O. M ! "His official existence is not recognised by statute." But the G. O. M. is inseparable from WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE. Therefore WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE is not recognised by statute ! Without his "official existence" he does not exist. No one can possibly think of him apart from his political existence. Try it ! It can't be done. It is unthinkable. But "Statute Law" does "not recognise" him ! Statute Law, then, like Justice, is blind ; and so much the worse, perhaps, for Statute Law. This reduces the Premier to a mere Nobody ! He is the Embodiment, so to speak, of Nobody. Nobody is at the Head of the Government ! Nobody is right, or Nobody is wrong. Here ! Somebody ! take us to Hanwell !



A LITTLE LUNCHEON AT TIMMINS'.

*Host. "MAY I GIVE YOU SOME ROAST HARE, LADY JONES?"
Master Tommy (Lady Jones's Godson). "AH! I SAW COOK PEEL THAT CAT!"*

"COME ABOARD, SIR!"

Captain PUNCH loquitur:-

COME aboard, Sir? You're welcome, smart younker!

You've hit off the time to a tick.
You're young, but I trust you're no funker,
Or apt to turn timid or sick.
For we may have rough weather before us,

And even a fight *mayn't* be far.
What odds, if you're true
To the Red, White, and Blue,
The glorious old flag that floats gallantly o'er us,
O tiny but stout-hearted Tar?

You're clearly a sea-going "Nipper,"
Unwhiskered, and "only so high."
But you'll have a tempest-tried skipper;
And don't look like piping your eye.
You seem—like your kit—trim and ready,
Your foot—like the anchor's—a-trip;
You're likely and limber,
And sound as oak timber,
With a voice that can join us in "Steady, boys, steady!"

A hand that can fight for the Ship!
Come aboard! Ours will be a long voyage,
One all round the world—and the year,
You're now at that juvenile-joy age
That feels not foreboding or fear;
You funk not the storm—or the steward—
The mast-head, the rope's-end, the snub.
Like MARRYAT's middy,
You sing tiddly-iddy,
And think not of shirking or lurching to leeward
Should tempests assail the Old Tub!

Quite right! That's the true Tarry "spirit!"

That NELSON and DIBDIN proclaimed.
If from Old Salts, and Songs, you inherit

That spirit, you'll never be shamed.
We hear heaps of chat on the Navy,

No need to be braggart or craven!

If we keep up our pluck,
And our Fleet, with fair luck,

Our goal, boy, will not be the Locker of Davy,
But honour, and home, and safe haven.

Come aboard! Well, the night-watch is set,

boy,
Turn in, and—when wanted—turn out!

No need to "pipe all hands" as yet, boy.
But storms, and strong foes, *are* about.

At perils nor shrinking nor scoffing,
Our duty's to plough on our way,

Steady hand at the wheel,

Dry powder, sharp steel;
And then, lad, if danger *should* loom in the offing,

Why, up, boy, and at it! Hooray!!!

THE PIOUS POLYGAMIST.

(New Year's Song of a Happy Husband.)

WHEN I arrived at man's estate

And felt I ought to wed,

I knew 'twas a crisis in my fate,

A serious thing to contemplate,

And thus to myself I said:

"You need, of course, a dainty cook,

And a needlewoman, too;

And then, in addition, you want a musician

To chase the devils blue;

A clever talker, a willing walker,

A capable nurse beside,

A thing of beauty devoted to duty—

And a gentle and charming bride."

Well, after a time I found my cook
And my needlewoman fair;

I likewise found an excellent nurse
And a lovely girl who could well converse

And play me any air.
I asked them all to be my own,

And they gladly gave consent,
And then together, in finest feather,

To the parish church we went.
And there we tarried until I married

My sempstress, nurse, and cook,
And my other "flames"—and our

several names
Had been entered in the book.

And then we went on our honeymoon,
And then to my Clapham home,

Where the cook prepares me many a dish,
And the artist plays whate'er I wish,

And, should I chance to roam,
I know the sempstress is well employed
In making my children's dress.

So I needn't worry or be in a hurry,
Or myself in the least distress.

And the nurse is ready, if e'er unsteady
My legs or nerves may be,
With perfect quiet and proper diet

To take good care of me.

So altogether I don't regret
The step I took that day,

When I married a whole domestic staff,
And I merely regard as so much chaff
What foolish people say
About English wives, and their many

faults—

I'm thoroughly well content!

And of any growling or surly scowling

I'm perfectly innocent.

I'm happy, very, and blithe and merry,
And if the saying's true

That occupation kills tribulation,

My wife is happy too!



“ COME ABOARD, SIR ! ”

"EN ITERUM! HERE WE ARE AGAIN!"

WELCOME to our evergreen friends, Clown, Pantaloons, Harlequin, and Columbine! All of them fresher than ever on the boards of Old Drury! Some of the genuine "good old" business, too, revived by Mr. HARRY PAYNE, which delighteth the heart of Mr. Punch. Once more within the walls of Ancient Drury, young and old Druryites joyfully assemble to acclaim AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS the "P.P.P.P.," which, writ large, means "Punch's Prize Pantomime Provider!"

Peculiar interest (we hope DRURIOLANUS will make cent. per cent.) is attached to this particular production, seeing it is announced in the playbill as "the last of the present lease," and of all the long line of Pantomimes, of which this is the last, most certainly it is not the least. But Sir DRURIOLANUS is not to be evicted, he is to continue as "The Man in Possession," the right man in the right place, and, being thus re-leased, he is free to remain *ad multos annos*, and to say most happily with "the Ghost who walked" in *Hamlet*, "Leased! Leased! O Leased!"

In *Robinson Crusoe*, if DRURIOLANUS, with his able collaborateur, Mr. HARRY NICHOLLS, has not given us quite so much of *Robinson* or of *Crusoe* as might have been expected, we have a magnificent spectacle, beautiful dresses, forms fairy-like and unfairy-like, and a wealth of low comedy in Messrs. DAN LENO as *Mrs. Crusoe*, HERBERT CAMPBELL as the villain Atkins, "Little Tich" as *Friday*—quite the shortest day in the year—and Miss MARIE LLOYD, looking, as *Polly Perkins*, like an expensive doll. Then there are Miss JULIA KENT as *Perky Snooks*, and Miss ADA BLANCHE as the new *Robinson*, with others in a full cast too numerous to mention individually, all of whom, with singing and dancing and "comic business," contribute to make the Pantomime "a going concern," to the rapturous delight of a house crowded nightly from floor to ceiling. "The History of England in twenty minutes" is of course given for the instruction of *Friday*, whose education as a man-eating savage had been, it may be assumed, considerably neglected. The conversation of the highly-educated and well-informed grown-up spectators in stalls, during this portion of the entertainment, and the shots made at historical names, dates, and places might be summed up under the heading of "Guesses at Truth." We hereby advise any Paterfamilias intending to take TOMMY and HARRY to Drury Lane to give himself an hour or two's



Herbert Campbell Atkins.



Mah-rie Lloyd Perkins.

"cramming" in English history, so as to be able to answer correctly the questions that his boys are safe to put to him; for, should he hesitate, or be detected in giving incorrect information, down he will go in the estimation of those young lads from school, and the moral effect on their future will be a bad one. Whereas, if Pater is spry, and not only "up-to-date," but "up-to-dates," those dates being absolutely correct, then his visit with his boys to this Pantomime will have raised him on a higher pedestal than ever he was before, and will inspire his lads with a real desire to emulate the rare attainments of their scholarly progenitor. Paterfamilias will do well also to take, or send, them to see *Sandford and Merton* at a matinée at the Comedy Theatre, where they will learn how comically ill-behaved two boys can be who have only that amount of respect for their teacher which is

administered with ad-

mirable efficiency by Mr. LIONEL BROOKES BARLOW, M.A., to Masters TOMMY ROBSON MERTON and HARRY SANDFORD HUNT, who, with the girls and the French governess, sing and dance in real holiday time to Mr. EDWARD SOLOMON's tuneful music. This eccentric and scholastic Operetta is preceded at the same theatre by Mr. BUCHANAN's poetical version of *The Pied Piper*, which, for the Christmassy season, might have been more appropriately entitled *The Mince Pie'd Piper*. There are plenty of "shows," all "going strong," just now, including a Pantomime at the Crystal Palace and another at the Lyceum; also *Noah's Ark* at Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, which, for the nonce has become "*Holland House*." Perhaps I may have more to say aenent entertainments another week, when I shall still take my seat as

M.P. FOR CHRISTMAS.

QUEER QUERY.—CHEAP LITERATURE.—I see that the "Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge" is issuing such books as *The Talisman* and *Robinson Crusoe* in a penny form. Why should some publisher not start a halfpenny series of equally valuable works? For example, I am convinced that my epic poem called *Hades Revisited* might have been more popular than it actually was had the natural eagerness of the masses to obtain a copy not been ruthlessly checked by the prohibitive price of seven-and-sixpence. There is also a great future before the *Farthing Nocelette*. I have several short stories which transcend anything yet done by R. L. STEVENSON, and which, issued in that shape, would circulate by millions. In "touch-and-go comedy," too, I feel that I could create a *furore*; but publishers, to whom I submit my funny tales, go before they have touched them!—AUCTOR IGNOTUS.

M.P.'S TO BE ENVIED.—The Happy Paired.



Good Mr. Barlow.

informed grown-up spectators in stalls, during this portion of the entertainment, and the shots made at historical names, dates, and places might be summed up under the heading of "Guesses at Truth." We hereby advise any Paterfamilias intending to take TOMMY and HARRY to Drury Lane to give himself an hour or two's



THE LATEST FASHION.

Ratcatcher. "BEG YOUR PARDON, MY LADY, BUT WOULD YOUR LADYSHIP MIND TELLING ME WHERE SHE GETS ALL HER RATS FROM. I'VE BEEN OUT FOR THE LAST WEEK AND CAN'T COME ACROSS ANY!"

"PERSONAL COMMUNICATIONS CORRUPT GOOD—LAWYERS."

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—Though proud of being a member of the same profession as my good friend Mr. LOCKWOOD, Q.C., M.P., I must (in the interests of the public) at once protest against one expression of opinion in a recent Pickwickian lecture. "I can sufficiently indicate my own feelings," says the Recorder of York, "when I say that any system which prevents a litigant having the fullest personal communication with the person he has paid to represent him is an anomaly and an absurdity." The *fullest personal communication!* Let me give *my* experience of the *fullest personal communication*!

I once had a client who insisted on interviewing me. At last, weakly and unprofessionally, I consented. From that day till years afterwards I never went into Court but what before long I was assailed by this hungering litigant. Finally I had to grow a beard and get rid of him. In another case a man who said he wanted to see me on private business defeated my clerk and got into my chambers. He was my client—of a guinea brief (only a little one, I admit, but, though a poor thing, my own). For six hours he sat and got into legal mare's nests, out of which in turn I had to dislodge him. At last even I—a briefless worm—turned. "Sir," I said, drawing myself up to my full height, "Sir, I am obliged—to your solicitor—for the brief in your case. I am by this time in perfect possession of the facts. Permit me to remind you that it is I who am responsible for the law." Then he left. The case went to the House of Lords, and the junior's brief was marked a hundred guineas. I was not the junior.

This, Sir, is the result of the "fullest personal communication." I leave a humane public to decide between Mr. Lockwood, Q.C., M.P., and Yours faithfully, L. ERNED COUNSEL.
102, Temple Gardens, E.C. December 26, 1893.

FROM OUR OWN SCHOOLBOY'S EXAM. PAPER.

Q. What is the meaning of an "*alumnus*" of a school?
A. The "*alumnus*" is the baker. So called because he puts "alum" in the bread.

ONCHYOPHAGY!

[The practice of onchyophagy, we are informed, shows that "the nervous centres are disorganised."]

AIR—"The Clown's Song" (SHAKSPEARE).

When that I was little tiny boy—
With hey, ho! the Modern Brain!—
To gnaw my nails I did enjoy,
But the world grows wiser every day.

And now I've come to man's estate,
I'm an "onchyophagist," so they prate,
Because—my mother had been sore surprised!—
My "nervous centres are disorganised!"

At the terrible name (and the cause) one pales,
Till one finds it but mean that I—*bite my nails*!

A great while ago the world begun—
With hey, ho! the Modern Brain!—
And I sometimes think 'tis the sages' fun
That they strive to scare us every day.

TO AMANDA.

(In High Feather.)

ONLY the feather you wore in your hat—
What magic there proved to be in it!
I suddenly recognised something, and that
Only the feather you wore in your hat.
My heart fell to beating with loud pit-a-pat;
I knew again then in a minute
Only the feather you wore in your hat—
What magic there proved to be in it!

NEW-YEAR ADVICE TO A SPORTING JOHNNY.—Drop your "gees" (on the Turf), and pick them up again in your talk.

JANUARY 6, 1894.]

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.

11



NEW YEAR'S PARLIAMENTARY FANCY BALL.

ANACREONICS FOR ALL.

(Being Bacchanalian Ballads for the use of all Professions, Trades, Crafts, and Callings, and Convivial Carols for the Classes, the Masses, and the Lanes. By Tom Moore, Junior.)

THE PATIENT'S SONG.

AIR—"Fill the Bumper Fair!"

SHAKE the bottle well!
Every dose we measure
Makes the bosom swell
With a patient's pleasure,
Joy's electric flame
Ne'er so swiftly passes,
As when through the frame
It shoots from physic-glasses!
Doctors disagree?
So the dolts deride us!
Shall we doubt M.D.
With his dose inside us?
No! Let patients sit
With receptive throttle.
Nasty? Not a bit!
Drink—and pass the bottle!

Chorus of Invalids.
Shake the bottle well!
Every dose we drink'll
Prove a potent spell,
Smooth away a wrinkle!

Homeopaths at first,
With their tasteless doses,
Quenched our physie-thirst,
Made us hold our noses
Over draught and drench,
Salts and oil of castor;
Rhubarb made us blench,
Jalap was our master.
Now we swig them up!
Pills should have some flavour,
Brim the "bitter cup"!
Aloes lends it savour,
Vitriol gives it bite,
Brimstone gives it body,
Squills bring appetite,
Laudanum warms like toddy.
And O joy! when round
The sick-chamber spying,
The Blue Pill is found
By the Black Draught lying!

Chorus of Invalids.
Shake the bottle well, &c.



HIGHLY SATISFACTORY.

Mistress. "I'M SORRY FOR YOU, JOHN; BUT IF YOUR WIFE HAS GOT SUCH A DREADFUL TEMPER, WHY DID YOU MARRY HER?"
Coachman (the Fourth Husband). "WELL, MUM, I HAD THREE GOOD CHARACTERS WITH HER!"

"SMART."

Oh! Belles of Bonny Bayswater, pray hearken unto me,
And I'll show you how to sparkle in Polite Societie.
Never fear that you'll be visited with contumely or scorn
If you happen not to be aristocratically born;
For success is not dependent on the accident of rank,
And mere birth is badly beaten by a balance at the bank;
So, if only you have money, you need never be afraid
To swagger of the swindles of your former days of trade.

For the World, as they receive you to their heart,
Each to each will the opinion impart:
"Oh, she's vulgar, I admit,
I don't like her, not a bit,
But then you know, my dear, she's 'Smart.'"

Your dress must be—well—daring; you must have a tiny waist,
And the colours must be splashed about in execrable taste—
Your bodice may be decent while your youth is in its prime,
But must lower as you counteract the ravages of time.
The colour of your hair and your complexion must appear
To vary with the fashionable fancies of the year;
And, though your wit lack lustre, the tiara must be bright
That you've hired at a jeweller's at ten-and-six a night.
And the World, as they receive you to their heart,
Each to each will the opinion impart:
"Looks quite odd, I must admit,
I don't like her, not a bit,
But then you know, my dear, she's 'Smart.'"

Then, as to conversation, let each syllable you speak
Be vehemently vapid or extravagantly weak.

Let your words be very risky, though, of course, it must be seen
That you're artfully pretending that you don't know what they mean.
In the intervals of slander you must prate in flippant tone
On some theologic subject that had best be left alone.

And, though your speech be witless, if not actually absurd,
'Twill be brilliant if a reputation goes at every word.

And the World, as they receive you to their heart,
Each to each will the opinion impart:

"She's ill-natured, I admit,

I don't like her, not a bit,

But then you know, my dear, she's 'Smart.'"

Your parties must be "tidy." So, to compass all your ends,
Find some lady—with a title—who likes living on her friends;
Hint you're ready with the money that's essential to the task,
If only she will condescend to tell you whom to ask.
On your former friends and neighbours you'll politely close your door
Though they used to give you dresses in the days when you were poor,
Be each guest of yours a Beauty, full of "circumstance and pride,"
A tiara on her head, a co-respondent by her side.

And the World, as they receive you to their heart,
Each to each will the opinion impart:

"She's a snob, I quite admit,

I don't like her, not a bit,

But then you know, my dear, she's 'Smart.'"

SEASONABLE WISH, FOR A VICTIM OF THE VAMPIRE INSOMNIA.—
I wish you a happy New Year!

Give me GALEN's bowl
For a night of pleasure!
Rapture fires my soul
As the "drope" I measure.
Palatable? Pooh!!!
HAHNEMANN's idea!
Better the strong brew
Blent by dark Medee!
Tasteless tinctures irk;
Dose infinitesimal,
Which you have to work
Out to the tenth decimal,
Neither tongue nor nose
Aiding its detection;
Such is not the dose
Of our predilection!
Patients much prefer—
When 'tis mixed and shaken—
Something should occur
Telling 'em 'tis taken!
How it fires the eye!
How it warms the throttle!
Bacchus (sick) might cry,
"Drink—and pass the bottle!"

Chorus of Insatiate Invalids.

Shake the bottle well!
Every dose we drink'll
Prove a potent spell,
Setting eyes a-twinkle,
Bidding bosoms swell,
Smoothing every wrinkle!

QUEER QUERY.—STRONG LANGUAGE.—I read in the paper that "France objects to the principle of Buffer State." Would somebody kindly explain the meaning of this curious phrase? Does it imply that Lord ROSEBERY has been calling the French people buffers? If so, does International Law allow of such language? A friend suggested to me that "it is Siam, and not France, that is meant." But is it not equally discreditable to use opprobrious expressions to a weak Oriental kingdom that cannot retaliate by a declaration of war? And is not this a specimen of the way in which England habitually treats all feeble races?—AMATEUR DIPLOMAT.

'TIS HEAVEN ITSELF THAT POINTS TO THE HEREAFTER.—Addison.

Socrates taught that THIS LIFE COULD NOT END ALL.



PLATO MEDITATING ON IMMORTALITY BEFORE SOCRATES, THE BUTTERFLY, SKULL, AND POPPY, ABOUT 400 B.C.

When you have drawn an Overdraft on the Bank of Life, hot milk is the only true food for the prevention of disease—Influenza, Fagged, Wear, or Worn Out, Excitement, Sleeplessness, Brain Fag, General Weakness, &c., &c.; or in any form of Physical or Mental Strain. Use hot milk (sipped) day and night, and when necessary take Eno's "Fruit Salt." By that means you produce a natural flow of healthy bile.

A New Life of Joy and Sunshine. By the use of Eno's "Fruit Salt," the hot milk, which otherwise might produce biliousness and other disasters, will agree with you.

ENO'S FRUIT SALT is the best and simplest preparation for regulating the action of the liver that has yet been discovered. It prevents diarrhoea. It removes effete, gouty, rheumatic matter, or any form of poison from the blood. No one should go for a change of air without a supply of this invaluable preparation.

FROM the late Rev. J. W. NEIL, Holy Trinity Church, North Shields.—"November 1, 1873. Dear Sir,—As an illustration of the beneficial effects of your 'FRUIT SALT,' I can have no hesitation in giving you particulars of the case of one of my friends. His whole life was clouded by the want of vigorous health, and to such an extent did the sluggish action of the liver and its concomitant bilious headache affect him that he was obliged to live upon only a few articles of diet, and to be most sparing in their use. This uncomfortable and involuntary asceticism, while it probably alleviated his sufferings, did nothing in effecting a cure, although persevered in for some twenty-five years, and also, to my knowledge, consulting very eminent members of the faculty, frequently even going to town for that purpose. By the use of your simple 'FRUIT SALT,' however, he now enjoys the vigorous health he so long coveted; he has never had a headache nor constipation since he commenced to use it about six months ago, and can partake of his food in such a hearty manner as to afford, as you may imagine, great satisfaction to himself and friends. There are others known to me to whom your remedy has been so beneficial in various kinds of complaints that I think you may very well extend its use, both for your own interest and *pro bono publico*. I find myself that it makes a very refreshing and exhilarating drink.—I remain, dear Sir, yours faithfully, J. W. NEIL.—To J. C. ENO, Esq."

BANGKOK, SIAM. IMPORTANT TO ALL TRAVELLERS.—"We have for the last four years used ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' during several important survey expeditions in the Malay Peninsula, Siam, and Cambodia, and have undoubtedly derived great benefit from it. In one instance only was one of our party attacked with fever during that period, and that happened after our supply of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' had run out. When making long marches, under the powerful rays of a vertical sun, or travelling through swampy districts, we have used ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' two and three times a day. ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' acts as a gentle aperient, keeps the blood cool and healthy, and wards off fever. We have pleasure in voluntarily testifying to the value of your preparation and our firm belief in its efficacy. We never go into the jungle without it, and have also recommended it to others.—Yours truly, Commander A. J. LOFTUS, His Siamese Majesty's Hydrographer; E. C. DAVIDSON, Superintendent Siamese Government Telegraphs, Bangkok, Siam, 1883.—To J. C. ENO, Esq., London."

ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" contains the valuable saline constituents of ripe fruit, and is absolutely essential to the healthy action of the animal economy. To travellers, emigrants, sailors or residents in tropical climates it is invaluable. By its use the blood is kept pure, and fevers and epidemics prevented.

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